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EDITORIAL

COPYING HOMEWORK

Copying homework is a method of having your work done and going out at the same time. There is an old saying that says, "You can't have your cake and eat it too," but it seems possible when you copy your homework. You go out at night saying, "Oh, I'll get Bill's papers tomorrow before class," and you do. You have done very well up to this point, passing your work without doing anything. Then comes the eventful day that your teacher says, "Well, class, we will have a little written work today," and you start wishing you hadn't copied, for you don't know anything. When the results of your test come in, you find you have flunked it with about the lowest possible score, and from then on you resolve never to copy again. So you see that old saying, "You can't have your cake and eat it too," was right. A. Alvino, '48

MILITARY TRAINING

Military training is the topic among high school seniors this year. The pros and cons on this subject are very interesting to me because everyone has a different view-point. For example, Johnny Jones says "Military training? Huh that's silly, the war's over." Bill Brown, "I think it's a good thing because who is going to be leading this country in a few years? Yes, you and I, so here is a good start in preparing us." Joe Black, "Who cares if they have it or not. I'll hang around or get some kind of a job."

These statements show a general cross section of what America's young manhood thinks as they step out to take their place in the chain of domestic and foreign affairs.

Johnny's idea is rather a natural reaction. With the sudden end of a brutal war and the indoctrination of the UNO into world politics, most people associate military training with the past failure of the German leaders who strictly enforced it.

Bill's statement is that of a young man who has done some serious thinking. He feels that the discipline and experience he will gain in the army will fit him for a vocation in later life. And it will also help him understand his government better.

Joe Black is one of the many people today who are drifting along in a certain trend. They are indifferent to what goes on around them. As long as they have a job, a home, and a reasonable supply of food, they are willing to be led around.

I think Bill's point of view is right. He seems to be able to look ahead and plan his future, not let military training disrupt his plans, but help him out.

Shirley Pendlebury, '46

A DOSE OF TRUTH

Books and teachers are our two best guides and helpers; the rest of it is left entirely up to you.

Some pupils do not give this thought much consideration, since some pupils have a long neck and a smart neighbor.

Rose Torrisi, '48

LENDING AND BORROWING HOMEWORK

What do you call a person who borrows homework from the "brain" of the class? Would it be all right to call him a cheater? Would you call him a person not only dishonest with the teacher, but also with himself? I think a person who borrows homework is dishonest with himself as well as the teacher.

What are the advantages of borrowing one another's homework? There are none.

What are the disadvantages of borrowing one another's homework? There are many. First you may get into serious trouble. Then you surely don't learn anything by doing such a thing, for what you don't put into your brain, you don't know for long, and you are just wasting your time in high school. When the end of the six weeks ranking period comes around you begin to get jittery and wonder if you will pass the final exams. Then the night before the big test you decide you had better read the chapter or study the uses of punctuation, which won't do you much good, unless you have the class and the teacher to discuss it with you. You then make plans to sit behind the brain in case you don't know the answer to a question, which undoubtedly you won't. When you don't get a very good mark, you are sorry you didn't do it with the class instead of taking the easy way out of it.

What are the advantages of lending your paper? There are none. Maybe the one who borrows it will be your friend, but only on that occasion.

What are the disadvantages of lending your paper? There are many. One is that a teacher may get hold of your paper and tear it up. Then again the person who borrows it may lose it. When you lend your paper, you are only making that person who borrows it worse. If you haven't got the will power to say, "Do it yourself," you hurt yourself as well as him.

Edward Brown, '48

A SKETCH

While sitting in room eight for a study period I noticed the freshman girl who was sitting two seats in front of me in the next row. She was draped over the desk like a sack of oats, and had one arm dangling like limp flannel over the side of the deck. The other arm was holding up her chin giving her the appearance of that famous statue, "The Thinker." Her hair hung in straw-colored wisps as if it were looking frantically for a comb or brush. The sweater, if it could be called that, bagged and hung loosely about her like a large pup tent. Next came the brilliant plaid skirt that represented a material that any good horse would have envied. Her legs were twined about the desk like vines of ivy, and on her feet were two large boat-like structures of gray that were supposed to be white moccasins. As I watched her, she slowly turned a page of the book that she was reading. She made such an effort of this simple task that it looked as if she were dying of some strange sleeping sickness.

Blanche Turner, '46

CONFUCIUS SAID—

To know what you know and know what you don't know is the characteristic of one who knows.

It is easy to be rich and haughty; it is hard to be poor and not grumble.

Do not worry about people not knowing you, but strive so that you may be worth knowing.

I do not expect to find a saint today. But if I find a gentleman, I shall be quite satisfied.

LITERARY

A CORNY ESSAY

Corn is the subject of this essay. There are two classifications of corn —vegetable and animal. The vegetable variety grows on ears and the animal group grows on toes. The first does best under careful cultivation with hoes, but the second grows better than most people appreciate, under hose, and with little or no cultivation.

There are several kinds of corn: fieldcorn, capricorn, unicorn, pop-corn, and corn. Astronomers and mythologists would be most interested in unicorn and capricorn. Farmers would take pleasure in pop-corn and field-corn, but the most unwanted and painful variety would be "pop's" corn. Corn has kernels and some colonels have corns. Colonels that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor is "corned," it is too bad for the colonel. The doctor says that corns are caused by tight shoes and that is why a man that is "tight" is said to be "corned."

Another kind of animal variety would be "corned-beef." The farmer who raises beef for corning probably beefs about his corns. The more corn a farmer can raise to an acre, the better he likes it, but the bigger the crop of animal corn he raises, the better he doesn't like it.

The difference between pop-corn and my pop's corn is that one is better when plastered with salt and butter and the other is better with corn plaster. This also shows why the man that is "corned" can also be said to be "plastered"—(period).

Beverly Howard, '46

SINK OR SWIM

One bright summer morning when two companions and I were standing on the rocky shore of the lake, Ray, the eldest of our trio, suggested we search for an old unlocked boat.

At the further end of the lake we came in contact with an old, unlocked, slightly broken-down boat. Ray called, "Well! This is it! Let's get to work and clean it out."

When the last drop of water was bailed out, we boarded the wreckage.

With a shove, we were on our way across the lake. James was trying to think of a name that would fit the contraption. When we were about three-quarters of the way across, James sprung out of his seat and upset the boat. However, he did have a chance to say, "I've got it. The name will be Lulu!"

Suddenly the back of the boat fell out. I don't know whether it was because of the upset or because of the nickname Lulu!

I was pushed out of the boat during the mix-up. I heard Ray yelling, "Sink or swim"—So I swam!

When we all landed on shore, we then realized how good land underfoot could feel.

Donald Farrow, '49

RAIN

The rain danced in and out among the trees, playing tag with the wind. It gently caressed the tiny plants and flowers, bringing withered leaves back to life. With its tiny drumsticks it beat a merry tattoo on the window pane.

Patricia Chadwick, '46

THEY SAY IT'S SPRING

The traditional way by which we are told that spring is here is the appearance of the robin. But I have heard more unconventional viewpoints from members of my own family. My mother, for instance, says that a sure sign of spring is when the sun comes streaming into the kitchen and settles just above the china closet. My father has his own mode of expressing the vernal season by cajoling my younger sister into picking a basket of mythical peaches from our orchard. In previous years, being unskilled at parrying with joshing remarks, she was usually the victim of this annual joke. This year we discovered that she had secretly been preparing for a witty retort, for she answered him quite blithely, "If you do the picking, I'll do the packing!" My young cousin is another heralder of spring, for here he comes with bruises and marbles and mud. My grandfather, a twice-round-the-neck muffler fan, ceremoniously removes his winter long companion and fondly relegates it to the mothball brigade. My brother will suddenly decide that the time is now favorable for Teddy, my young nephew, to have his hair cut. Winter hair cuts are forbidden for Teddy, because my brother feels they are "cold" invitations. I often wonder what the barber thinks when each year he cuts long locks. And so——

Should the robin fail to blaze the trail,
Warnings at home will always prevail!

Eleanor George, '48

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

The second Sunday of May, each year, is set aside as a day of remembrance to our mothers. We just seem to take our mothers for granted, but when this day rolls around we think back over the past year and remember all the little things that she has done for us.

When our older brothers went off to war, she calmly watched them go, but each night she prayed for their safe return.

When we want to invite a few of our friends to the house, she is always willing to fix up some refreshments.

Although she fools and jokes with us, she can still be stern and sharp when we have done something wrong.

Ever since we were very young, we have always given her some token of our love. It may be a hand-made gift or a large expensive one. She always appreciates the thought behind it.

The war has shown that mother is the favorite "pin up" girl of the armed forces.

Barbara E. Campbell, '47

SPRING

The last of the dirty white snow has melted and the tiny green blades of grass poke their noses up to sniff at the fresh, early, spring air. The birds are merrily singing and the small buds on the trees are slowly opening in the warm sunshine. The snowy white clouds are drifting lazily along in the azure heavens. Little boys and girls are busy playing marbles and spinning tops. From the noisy shouts coming from the space lot around the corner anyone can tell that a lively game of baseball is taking place. As for the older folks, well, Grandma is busy baking cookies for the hungry little tots who come to call, and Grandpa has finally put his red flannels away for another year. When all this takes place and the whole world smells fresh, crisp and clean, then one can say it might as well be spring.

Virginia Robinson, '47

— TO JANE, WITH LOVE

I'm alone again. John Hazleton has just returned to Vancouver bearing evidence of a truly strange incident. This incident I shall relate to you shortly, but as this incident is the end of my story, I'll go back many years to days that were happier for me.

It is over thirty years back to that fatal accident, but the tinge of its vividness still shines in my memory. My lovely young wife, Jane, and I were spending our honeymoon at Deer Cave Lodge, way up in the Canadian Rockies. The day was very warm, and we were taking a walk through the woods, each of us carrying a twenty-two caliber revolver merely for the purpose of target shooting. Suddenly the skies opened up and we were caught in a terrific downpour. I ordered Jane to go to that large cave ahead while I searched for some wood to start a fire. This quest took me nearly fifteen minutes. Upon my return I heard the sharp report of Jane's revolver, but I dismissed any thoughts of alarm with the belief that she had become bored and had shot for the sake of amusement only. I arrived at the cave and found it empty! Torn shreds of cloth, a few drops of blood and the huge prints on the floor were mute evidence of the recent visit of a bear. I tore my automatic from its holster and rushed into the rain, calling her name as I ran, until finally I dropped, only to be found next morning by Jim Martin, local ranger. Hysterically I poured my story out to him, and he said cases of kidnapping by bears were rare, but were occasionally reported.

For the next three months I lay in a hospital, suffering from grief, and living without the will to do so. I had no true recollection of her, no real remembrance. The massive diamond ring, engraved, "From Don to Jane, with love," was also gone. Strange, I remember her eyes most as they sparkled with a brilliance superlative to that of the diamond itself.

After recovery and release from the hospital, I sold all my property and belongings and bought this small shack which I now call home. I've lived here for thirty years, and during that time I've had bunk space built so this cozy place will sleep six men at a time.

You see, I've made my living by hunting, fishing, trapping, and serving as a guide to the wealthy sportsmen who pay well for the chance to shoot deer and moose on my 880-acre timber land. I guess I've guided them to the right place, as I've never yet had a hunter go away minus game.

This John Hazleton from Vancouver came closest to spoiling my invincible record, as he came here to shoot a bear. This region has contained few bears for the past fifty years, and this scarcity of bears has puzzled conservation men for this whole time. About four hundred miles to the east there are numerous bears, as I learned to my dismay thirty years ago. Saturday morning was the last chance John would have to go hunting, so we decided to head for the south trail, as I'd seen fresh claw marks on the trees there as recently as a week ago. Our planned trip nearly went for a nose dive when John fell and pulled a tendon in his leg, but I agreed to go ahead and try to drive the animal past him. I had walked about a half mile away from John when I came upon old Mr. Bruin calmly strolling towards me. He came nearer, and upon winding me, came at a gallop towards me. Discarding a rule I vowed solemnly upon the death of my wife, I raised my carbine, and my three shells, fired in rapid succession, put an end to his

charge.

I gutted and cleaned the animal on the spot so as to make the work of packing him out much easier, and there, lodged inside his shaggy coat, was a shiny object which I solemnly placed in my pocket.

I toted the animal back, and only after John had left did I tell myself that it had really happened, for who else would believe that it was the same bear and the same ring, even though "To Jane, with love" was plainly visible on this sparkling bauble?

Donald Kimel, '46

NOSES—OR ROSES?

Most every family has nose trouble. In my seventeen and one half years in this world I have seen some rare noses. Some people are endowed with a good sized proboscis, while others are too small to leave any impression. They vary not only in size, but also in shape. However, one doesn't have to conduct a wide-spread search for a comic nose collection. At least, I'm humiliated after studying our family's noses.

Phil, although the last to join our large family, is the sole possessor of the "ski-jump" type of nose. He is always being pinned about the wonderful trip one could have down the slopes of his nose. It isn't small in any sense of the word, and it tilts suitably at the end, thereby forming a perfect ski-jump.

But let's look on the longer side of the subject. Roger, wild with the Wentworth's 57 Nose Varieties, always manages to excuse himself when the subject of noses is introduced. It's a long look down his nose, and to top it all off, a very noticeable peak is at the tip.

Virginia actually *boasts* of a true Pierce nose (Mother's side of the fence) and has a very short, pudgy scenter. However, if hers is a perfect specimen of the Pierce nose, I'm very glad that it was a Wentworth with a big nose that was combined with the Pierces.

I've mentioned only three of a collection of ten noses in our family. Fortunately, I think, the remaining, exclusive of Dad's and mine, really aren't bad at all.

It isn't necessary to classify mine, for as you can all see, it wasn't scanted in size. Anyway, some people are just born rich instead of handsome.

But on with the noses. It isn't everyone who brags about his nose's birthday. Just recently, a celebration was conducted in honor of the birthday of Jimmy Durante's nose — not Jimmy himself. It was his schnozzola that brought him wealth and fame. However, if, to be famous and wealthy, you have to carry that beak around with you 'til God knows when, I'll keep my own and work for a living.

Unfortunately, our nose trouble was all the result of my father's greediness. His explanation for the size of my nose is that when they were passing out "noses," he *thought* they said "roses", so Wentworth "Gimme a big one." That's why my nose is always seen first, and leaves such a big impression.

Shirley Wentworth, '46

A TALL STORY

One day I went up to the airport, got my Piper Cub and went for a ride. When I was in the air I wanted to show off, so I opened the window and got on the wing and jumped off. I was going down and down, when all of a sudden the plane spotted me and came charging! It scooped me up and I was back on the plane. And that plane is smarter than any plane I know of.

Francis McGuire, '49

SPRING

Although we claim to get the traditional spring fever which makes us lazy and sleepy, spring really makes us active. As soon as the ground is clear of snow and the birds which have come in on a balmy breeze are seen darting in and out of trees, you sigh, "Spring is here!"

It is then your younger brother with his friends get out their baseballs and bats and indulge in a spirited game of baseball. Then your angel-face sister plays jump rope; you and your friends do the swinging, of course, until you're sure she will faint, or even worse, have a heart attack. Soon you get a job minding the baby next door. This now means pushing a carriage up hill and down for hours. On other days of the week, after tucking your homework into its usual corner you put on your old slacks and go for a long bike ride ending at the drug store. Mother, observing all this extra energy, announces one bright Saturday that she is going to start her inevitable spring housecleaning, and everyone is to pitch in. Although your mother does most of the work, you do use "elbow grease" cleaning the kitchen floor until it glows, and you really enjoy doing it. Your sister and brother are completely absorbed in doing their tasks in the garage, where Dad, although no one is paying any attention to him, is shouting commands as if he were MacArthur making his last stand on Bataan. So, after hibernating all winter, spring comes and wakes us up.

Virginia Caudet, '48

HELP!

When my grandfather was a young man, he owned a donkey that adored the fragrant odor of tobacco and cigarettes. Whoever reads this story might have the impression that this donkey was a freak. I will state now that this donkey was like any other donkey and led a normal life. Whenever my grandfather began to smoke, his donkey was there to inhale that wonderful smell.

One day grandfather had a visitor. After conversing for some time, he prepared to leave.

Scarcely five minutes had passed when the donkey saw the man, puffing away at a cigarette, coming down the walk. Instantly the donkey began to follow him. Noticing this, the man quickened his pace, though assuming a pretense of nonchalance. He kept this up for a few minutes, then looked around. The donkey was still following him, but the distance between them was much shorter than previously. Consequently, he immeditely quickened his pace.

Finally in desperation he called out to my grandfather. "What shall I do?" he called out.

"Let him take a whiff of the smoke of your cigarette," replied grandfather.

After satisfying the donkey, he went on his way.

Richard Mooradkanian, '46

N. A.—ON THE MAP

In 1945, the people of our small town became proud because the airport in our community was completed with four long runways and a huge landing light, to accomodate planes in a post-war air line.

The previous years we made the news (in our local newspaper) when Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the late president, came to North Andover on a visit to her grandson at Brooks School.

We made the news again in '45 when a B-24 was forced down in a driving storm, a member of the crew was accidentally killed.

But the biggest "scoop" for North

Andover's credit came on Tuesday, January 22, 1946, when the U. N. O. Site Selection Committee inspected a portion of our small town in its search for a permanent headquarters for the new world organization. Cruising cars completed the convoy which caused much discussion among the proud residents of North Andover.

As a student at Johnson summed up the good news, "Next thing you know, we'll find ourselves on the map."

Alfred McKee, '46

THE MYSTRY OF THE OLD TOWER

"Hey, Jackie, let's take a walk to The Old Tower!" exclaimed Cousin Dan one day while I was visiting him down in Stoneham.

"Okay," I answered with enthusiasm. "I'd love to, I've heard so much about it."

Half an hour later we were on our way, and swinging briskly along we soon reached the vicinity of the Old Tower. The Old Tower, as it is called, is a very impressive building of gray stone, and, as we looked up at it, it was also frightening.

"Race you to the top of the hill," Dan challenged.

"All right, but you'll win, I suppose. You always do," I answered.

As we scrambled up the hill we were both startled to meet a policeman.

"Have you kids seen a couple of servicemen with guns?" he inquired.

"No," we replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I don't want to alarm you, but it has been reported that there are a couple of servicemen who are taking shots at people around here," was the astonishing reply. "Be sure and let me know if you should see them," he added.

"We can go back if you're scared," said Dan, after the policeman had left us.

"If I'm scared!" I repeated indignantly. "I suppose you think it's very funny!" I looked longingly back down the hill, but after the insinuation that I was a sissy I was determined to continue. "Come on, it's probably only a rumor anyway," I remarked.

Upon reaching the top of the hill we cautiously entered the Old Tower. After we had become used to the dimness, we began to climb the circular staircase. By the time we reached the third floor, we were exhausted and decided to rest.

"Say, Jackie, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could catch those guys like they do in Jack Armstrong?" asked Dan, who was only nine. "But then," he added hopefully, "we could play cops and robbers anyway."

"All right, but I think it's dumb," I replied. I had no sooner gotten the words out of my mouth than I heard a loud bang. Involuntarily I ducked and a bullet whizzed into the wall where my head had been but a second before. Horrified, I stood staring at the wall.

"Come on let's get out of here," I cried rousing from my daze.

We dashed down the stairs and didn't stop running until we reached home.

After telling my aunt about it, we reported the incident to the police. As yet, however, the police have not solved the mystery of who shot at the Old Tower.

Jacqueline Meserve, '49

A MOTHER'S DAY GIFT

This story takes place on Sunday, May 13, which of course is Mother's Day. Mrs. Smith is a very nice, middle-aged woman who is the proud mother of an Army Sergeant who has been reported as missing in action.

Now Mrs. Smith went to church this morning and saw many proud mothers walking up the street with their children. Some of these women were wearing beautiful corsages which they had received as a gift. She also saw bouquets in windows of many homes.

It is afternoon now, and Mrs. Smith is sitting in her parlor thinking only of her child, when all of a sudden the door bell rings. She hurries to answer it and finds a Western Union boy standing there with a yellow envelope in his hand. Mrs. Smith hesitates in taking it because she fears that it may be bad news about her boy; but when she opens it she reads, "We are happy to inform you that your son is in this country and will leave for home soon." Now Mrs. Smith is overjoyed with this news and now claims that she is the happiest person in this world and that she has received the best gift of Mother's Day that any mother in the whole, wide world has ever received.

Mary Wentworth, '47

DAIRY WORK

If at any time you contemplate working in a dairy, read this story carefully. It was my first day alone in a dairy. All week I had been getting up at three-thirty just for this. I was awakened by a loud pounding on my door, and considerable moving about outside. I quickly dressed and stepped out into the cool morning, and I mean cool morning air. The path from the boarding-house wound in amongst numerous trees, and as luck would have it, I didn't miss them all. After I had picked myself up, I walked slowly over to the dairy, careful to avoid further mishap. I opened the outside door to the dairy and started to turn the knob to the other door. To my dismay it was locked, and I didn't know where the key was. After carefully searching on top of all the beams lining the ceiling, I finally found the key.

Slowly I entered the darkened dairy and turned on the lights. Now the fun began. The first thing I did was to look at my fire. Naturally, it was out. That meant an extra ten minutes' work lighting a fire. After the fire was started, I got the bottles out and got all my machines ready. This may sound easy, but setting up bottling machines at four a. m. isn't any fun. By this time my co-workers in the barn had all their cows fed and were demanding empty cans to put their milk in. So I went into the refrigerator and started lugging cans out and dumping them. Now the milk had started coming. I started the bottler and bottled about five cases; then I went into the barn after more milk.

When I returned, I looked at my fire and filled the boiler. As I was filling the boiler I noticed the steam gauge. It read forty pounds! "Oh, my gosh!" I said. "It's sure to blow!" I rushed into the other rooms opening all the steam valves as I went. I then cautiously edged back to the boiler, but the place was so full of steam I couldn't see the gauge. I had just turned my back to the boiler when it came. With a screaming whistle the safety valve on the boiler blew. The next thing I remember, I was outside the dairy and the dairy was still standing. When I returned, the pressure was back to normal, so I went back to work, confident of no more accidents.

Joseph Rand, '46

THE WIND

The wind was a gentle whisper in the early light of morning. But in the late afternoon it swept down like

an avalanche of stones on an unexpectant world. It then jitterbugged swiftly across the dancing treetops, poised lightly on the roofs, whistled against the window-panes.

First the wind gently lifted the leaves, then whirled the stones, almost grown into rocks, as if they were pebbles. It climbed up the side of the house, tore away the window blinds in a rage of fury, peeped down the chimneys, and quickly jerked back from the angry smoke. Then, as if it had spent its temper, it calmly whirled around the roofs of the town.

Helena Saunders, '46

ESSAY ON AN ERASER

You men and women who have the conceit to put your thoughts on paper, do you ever realize how cruel you are? Has it ever occurred to you that you are the master of humble slaves who are continually being beaten into submission by your unmerciful hand? Bow your heads in shame, and see for the first time your multitude of sins. Weep when you look upon these sturdy little bodies which you constantly abuse to attain your own selfish ends.

They came from the hands of a powerful creator; one which produces an overwhelming number of perfect offspring as regularly as the moon sets and the sun rises. But even this mighty perpetuator of its race is completely controlled by human beasts who have overrun the earth. At a simple command from them the giant womb creates, perfects, and releases its brood only to be sold at common auction for its master.

And what is their fate once they have been delivered into the hands of individual lords? You answer, my tyrannical friend. You who day after day force that defenseless mass to cover for your own fallibility. You who crush its withering form beneath the weight of your hand and thrust upon it the consequence of an error that in your ignorance you made, and in your weakness you wish that others may not see.

And is it not true that even when its slender frame is bent and wasted, no longer able to withstand the beatings inflicted upon it, you curse its brief existence and greedily force the final bit of labor out of the crumbling body, crushing it relentlessly till the last particle falls away to the dust from whence it came?

Perhaps, now, after the momentary burst of indignation has passed, you begin to repent at having been so quick to condemn, so quick to destroy. And in your remorse, what course of action should you take? There is but one thing to do: buy another eraser.

Rita Mulcahey, '46

NOISES IN THE NIGHT

The peace and quiet of night had long settled over the Brown household, but Lydia and I, who had retired hours earlier, were still finding lively topics to hash over and giggle about. We were deeply engrossed in picking apart each partner we had had at the April Fool's dance a few hours earlier when pandemonium broke loose. The dogs barked. The chickens made strange noises. The cat let out a startled howl, and in the midst of it all a bell was ringing, furiously hammering with all its might.

Mrs. Brown came bolting down the hall, but even before she reached our door, I realized that, quite unintentionally. I was the cause of this unearthly racket.

Lydia had prepared a lunch for us when we came home from school in the afternoon, and while she flurried busily about the kitchen, I sat unobtrusively in a corner next to a Big Ben alarm clock severely ticking

away on the serving board. While I listened to her excited jabbering as she came and went about the table, I had unknowingly reached out for the clock and was tinkering with all the gadgets on the back of it. One little button, in particular, that was marked "Alarm" was the source of all my misery.

"Stop fussing with that alarm clock and come eat something!" Lydia had ordered, snatching the clock from my hands. So, without another thought, I had seated myself at the table and had munched nonchalantly on bread and jam.

And now, what had I done, and on my first visit, too? I groaned and buried my face in the pillow as Lydia began to laugh. "The clock!" she gasped and laughed some more.

"Don't tell her I did it," I begged, and then her mother opened the bedroom door and asked sharply, "Lydia! What is that?"

The repeater alarm mechanism must have been set and the ringing was temporarily stopped.

"What's what?" answered Lydia, trying to keep the bubbles of laughter out of her voice and sound sleepy.

"Why, can't you hear it?" retorted her mother.

"Hear what?" dumbly.

"That bell!" thoroughly antagonized.

"Mother," she said, "I believe you were dreaming."

And, ye gods, just as she said that the cursed clock began to jump up and down and shriek again.

"Lydia Brown! Do you mean to tell me you don't hear that?"

By this time I had made myself as inconspicuous as possible and was hunched in a ball under the covers at the foot of the bed. I was mentally repacking my belongings when Mr. Brown stomped up the stairs muttering under his breath, "Some darned fool set the alarm clock. Go back to bed!"

"If that's your idea of a joke, young ladies, I don't think it's very funny!"

And so the house went back to sleep and this time the soft and silent blanket of the night settled most heavily in the front bedroom where two young girls each were fabricating "I didn't do it's" in their minds for the next morning.

Gloria Bottai, '46

LIVE AND LEARN

As I came banging down the stairs as usual, I heard my brother starting the car in the back yard.

"Hey Joe," I shouted as I slammed the door from force of habit, "where are you going"?

"To see my buddy. Why?"

"Can I come?"

"Sure, hop in."

"Gee, I hope he's good looking so I can turn on my Lana Turner charm."

"Please don't. I'd like to keep him as my friend a little longer."

"Oh Fooy! Say, can I drive?"

"Gee, Joan, I didn't know you wanted to get rid of me so fast."

"Aw, please."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Push over."

Afterwards by a miracle we were on our way home, all in one piece. And as we were going around a corner, he told me to step on the brake and swing wide, but to my misfortune I stepped on the gas and swung wide. It was either Beven's car or the river, so I picked the river.

While Joe grabbed the brake with a jerk and pulled the car to a screaming stop, I just sat there, half scared to death.

You can bet your last dollar, I've never driven since.

Joan Jacobs, '49

BALLADS

IF

(*With apologies to Rudyard Kipling*)

If you can keep your mind on school
and homework,
When all are making merry, having
fun;
If you can tell a joke without a slight
smirk,
And not be catty 'bout your dearest
chum;
If you can wait and not get tired of
waiting,
And though you're cross you never
sit and mope;
If you can be particular 'bout your
dating;
If you've never had your mouth
washed out with soap;

If you can dream and not forget to
wake up,
Or keep at least one eye awake in
class;
If you can get a "B" without your
make-up,
And have no worries whether you
will pass;
If you can talk without exaggeration,
And make a story feasible, at least;
If you don't run off with your
imagination,
And treat a mouse like some ferocious
beast;

If you're the type that hangs up all
his clothing,
Not on a chair, but on its rightful
hook;
If you don't shrink from work with
such a loathing,
Or swap some old Shakespeare for a
funny book;

If you can take a test without once
cheating,
And stop your eyes from wandering
o'er the room;
If you don't hide when parlor rugs
need beating,
And you can cook and wield a mighty
broom,

If you can talk with crowds and still
be quiet,
And never be the center of all eyes,
And if a thing goes wrong when first
you try it,
Just start again without those groans
and sighs;
If you can laugh, yet never over do it;
If you can keep one resolution every
year,
Yours is the earth — and welcome
to it;
There's just one question — are you
human, Dear?

Audrey Ferrin, '46

ROMANCE

The river sang and sang
Of things that used to be,
And the moon above the water
Looked down and laughed at me.

Winifred Crotty, '49

RECONVERSION

There was a young lady in High
Who wore brother's shirt and his tie;
And now she is sad,
'Cause home is the lad
To claim back his shirt and his tie.

Shirley Kelly, '46

A FISHERMAN

The lake was bright, a crystal blue,
The pines were emerald green.
The lofty birch stood proud and tall,
Among the pines a queen.

The outlet brook swift babbled on,
A trout made one great leap,
While on the bank with line so slack,
The fisher was asleep.

A sudden jerk, a pull, a leap,
The fisher jumped upright!
And in dismay looked at the hook,
For he had lost a bite.

The blood-red sun long shadows cast,
As it sunk in the west.
The fisher plodded slowly home,
His head sunk on his breast.

A story he would have to make,
To tell his good wife, Ruth.
He could not say he fell asleep,
For that would be the truth!

Constance Chadwick, '49

MY BALLAD

A minstrel's monkey said to me,
"You've made a bargain, sir.
I'll sing a song in glowing tone
For but a sixpence per."

I liked the song so very much,
He sang it twice again.
The price he charged was terrible,
Which made me leave just then.

Justine Fitzgerald, '49

A JINGLE

He banged his head,
On the back of his bed.
To see if his brains would jingle,
He heard not a sound,
For there was none to be found,
"By gosh," he said "It's single!"

Eleanor George, '48

SPRING FEVER

Through the window pane I saw
Blue skies, green hills and trees
The bees were humming in the bush,
Birds fluttered in the breeze.

In vane I tried to concentrate
On English, French and math,
While all the while I longed to stroll
Along the woodland path.

There is no torture such as this
That makes the heart to yearn
For pleasures that bring more than bliss,
And yet that I must spurn.

Perhaps some day I will be through
With English, French and math,
And then once more I will be free
To stroll the woodland path.

Shirley Kelly, '46

NONSENSE

I think that I shall never ride
A horse with much meat on its side.

Because my legs are pretty short
To go around some horse's pot.

You think that you will never ride
A horse with much meat on its side.

Well I agree with you, Arlene
That you should ride a horse that's lean.

Arlene Donnelly, '46

MY PET MOUSE

A certain little mouse
Built himself a house
Inside of mine
And with me he used to dine.
Whenever I had cheese,
And he wanted it, he'd say "Please."
And when he was through
He would say "Thank you."
You see, manners he had,

But something happened that is very
sad.
My big fat cat,
Butter, thinks that
It is very nice
To eat plump mice.
He tried to catch my pet
So I told him to get
Out of the room
Before I beat him with the broom.
So scared was my mouse
That he moved his house
Out of mine,
And no more with me would he dine.
Now, wasn't that mean of my cat
To scare him like that?

Eunice Minzer, '49

A YEAR

Leaves upon the ground
In sizes large and small,
Wisps of smoke around,
This is really fall.

Fluffy white snowflakes,
Wind so harsh and bold,
With pines it truly makes
Winter clear and cold.

Pretty blooming flowers,
Birds about to sing,
Mild and sunny showers,
All are found in spring.

Crowded swimming pool,
Rains so short and fast,
Children out of school,
Summer is here at last.

Cold and pleasant weather,
Sorrow, joy and cheer,
Put them all together,
They give us one good year.

Mary Finn, '49

PARODY

I think that I shall never look
Again upon a school text book.

A book that is filled with knowledge
fine
That should, I know, have come to be
mine.

A book that has pages torn and ripped
And is filled with thoughts of classes
skipped.

And when I look back in future years
It will be with laughter and maybe
tears.

For the books which now I loathe to
see.
Are the ones which will shape my life
for me.

Barbara Cochrane, '46

SLEEP

Of all the things I like to do,
There's one I like the best, it's true;
And that's to sleep
And sleep some more,
On bed or sofa, lawn or floor.

Audrey Ferrin '46

THE LAST WORD

Magazines just come and go,
Crammed full of ads and stories,
But when the *Johnson Journal's* out,
It's filled with Johnson's glories.

Charlotte Killam, '49

CHATTER

HONORABLE MENTION

The following pupils have submitted material well worth printing which we are unable to publish for lack of space.

Jacqueline Adams, Theresa Aham, John Arlit, Arthur Awley.

Carol Berry, Marie Broderick, Priscilla Cole, Rita Coppola.

Robert DeAdder, Joan Diamont, John Dolan, Daniel Driscoll, Joan Driscoll, James Duffy.

Janice Fessenden, Joan Finn, Robert Finneran, Arthur Forgetta.

Bernadette Giard, Philip Greenler.

Cornelis Heijn, Mary-Clare Hickey, Richard Hilton, Helen Hogan, Norman Humphries.

June Ingram, Vincent Ippolito.

Richard Jordan.

James Kennedy, Janet Knightly.

Barbara Lambert, Ethel Lambert, Marjorie Lee, Dolores Legare, Joan Leighton.

Elsie Miller, Edward Mooradkanian.

Florence O'Keefe.

Joan Pitman.

Ethel Shapcott, Robert Skinner, Clarence Spencer, Joyce Sterling, Vera Sullivan.

William Torrey.

Anne Whipple, Ethel Winning, John Winning.

McINTOSH SPEAKING CONTEST

On March 7, 1946, the North Andover P. T. A. sponsored the McIntosh Prize Speaking Contest for Johnson High School students.

The contestants and speeches were, in order of their appearance: Joan M. Reilly, '49, "The Two Revolutions" by Msgr. Fulton Sheen; Eleanor Finn, '46, "Farewell to the Soldier," by General Joseph Stillwell; Vincent Lambert, '48, "Speech to the Senate," by Senator Calhoun; June A. Schmottlach, '48, "Friendship," by Claude Ritter; Patricia Chadwick, '46, "The Price of Liberty," by Frank O. Lowden; Mary Finn, '49, "Death Bed of Benedict Arnold," Anonymous; Rita A. Nicetta, '46, "The American Flag—Not the Dollar," by Henry Cabot Lodge; Evelyn J. Baril, '49, "The Gettysburg Address," by Abraham Lincoln.

The winners were Joan Reilly, first prize; Patricia Chadwick, second prize; Rita Nicetta, third prize.

The judging of the memorized essays was based on memory, poise, delivery, and voice.

Miss Abigail Condon, Lawrence High School, Mr. Roger W. Higgins, Phillips Andover Academy, and Mr. William B. Bartlett, Jr., Brooks School, were the judges.

Mr. Alvah G. Hayes served as presiding officer.

S. A. K.

WELCOME BACK, MISS BASCOM

We'd like to take time now to welcome Miss Bascom back with us after her long illness. We sure did miss you an awful lot. Glad to see you well again!

We'd also like to thank Miss Rancourt for substituting during Miss Bascom's absence.

E. M. M.

NOON-DAY DANCING

A member of the student council walked quietly into the office of Mr. Hayes and proposed a yet untried form of relaxation to be held during the school day.

As always, our principal was co-operative with the suggestion that we be allowed to have the privilege of dancing away the last minutes of our recess period.

A survey of the most popular records was made in each home-room. These were purchased by the student council.

Fortunately the services of Don James' orchestra was secured for two days of our five day school week.

The nickolodeon is kept busy the remaining three days.

Although the freshmen are still a bit shy, the outlook is hopeful.

The rules set up by the student council are as follows:

1. Pupils may dance during their assigned recess.
2. You must report back to your home room, as usual, at the end of the lunch period.
3. As this is for your enjoyment, we expect both your cooperation and good conduct.
4. Pupils must not go up on the stage except to put nickel in nickelodeon.
5. Chairs must be arranged in good order at the end of the second recess.
6. Windows, chairs and lights are not to be tampered with.
7. Lunches must not be eaten in the hall.
8. Failure to observe the regulations and rules laid down will lead to immediate suspension of the dancing period.

E. M.

"EVER SINCE EVE"

Rehearsals are in progress for the coming school play. "Ever Since Eve" is the hilarious comedy depicting the woes of typical students as they try to organize a school paper.

The cast includes:

Barbara Campbell, Joyce Gilman, Margaret Anne Holder, Elsie Miller, Alma Sanford, Joseph Rand, Bill Driscoll, Bill Wilson, Norman Campbell, Warren Chadwick, William Dushame, Nick Evangelos, Phil Long, Oscar Soucy, Frances Shottes.

E. M. M.

VOCATIONAL SPEAKERS

During the last few weeks Miss Gillen has presented to the various students interested, a series of lectures and addresses by representatives of schools and colleges.

The first of these was by Miss Gourville from Bridgewater State Teachers' College; the next by Miss Jeanne Beradier from the Salem Teachers' College; the third by Mr. Harold Dow of the Kathleen Dell Secretarial School; the last by Miss Gilmore from the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing.

These talks have been very helpful to students deliberating on their choice of school or college.

S. A. K.

PROM—BENEFIT

The prom benefit dance was held February 8 at Stevens Hall. The committee was composed of various members of the senior class who worked zealously in making the dance successful. During the evening a ten minute skit was presented by five of our senior boys. Those taking part were: Alfred McKee, Nick Evangelos, Robert Skinner, Howard Doherty. Also on the entertainment program were: Joseph Rand, Arthur Terret, Victor Brightman, Norman Campbell.

E. M.M.

EXCHANGES

"*The Dial* — Your book is one of the best we receive. Your literary and poetry sections are especially fine. Your paper covers every angle in both school and out-of-school activities.

Tiger-Highlights — Editorials and current news are very good. Good luck to your plays and especially to that Inter-Racial Club. It's a praiseworthy idea.

Brown and Gold — Your paper is excellent, especially in your editorials You do a fine job.

Reflector — You have a very newsy paper. You certainly have a great many activities.

Original — You have so many activities, I don't know how you can keep up to them.

The Tatler — You have peppy, personal, new and good editorials. An all-around paper.

The Holten — Your editorials and your literature are especially good. Keep up the good work.

The Hill-Quill — Your editorials and your collection of poems are all short, but exceptionally good.

The Aeges — Your paper is always tops. Let's hear more from you.

Blue and White — You have a well-arranged paper with everything included from two pages of jokes to some super editorials.

Swampscottia — You certainly have a high standard of good reading. You must have a hard working staff.

The Archon—A well-planned paper. You certainly have a variety of sports.

BEST FEATURES

Lawrencian — Peppy personal news and "Meet the Student."

Tatler — Sports and spicy personal news.

BASEBALL NEWS

With the leadership of Captain Nick Evangelos and the pitching arm of Phil Long, along with the good fielding and hitting of Bob Mitchell, Hal Vincent, Bob Skinner, and Chief McKee, the baseball team should find this season very successful.

The way the team is lined up now it looks as if the catching will be done by Bob Skinner, pitching by Phil Long, Jack Dolan, Art Drummond, and Don Shackelton. The infield from first to third will probably be Bob Mitchell, Ed Brown, Hal Vincent, and Joe Driscoll, or John Wolfendon. The outfield will have Chief McKee in left and Capt. Evangelos in center with right field open for some newcomer to fill. Bing Miller back from the service is helping the pitchers out.

VETERAN

The smiling blonde lad brightening our corridors for the past few months is a navy man with a number of battle stars to his credit. Stephen Doherty has returned to Johnson to gain that very important document—a diploma. From all reports he seems to be showing quite a few of us how important study is to the individual.

Good luck Steve, we're all with you.

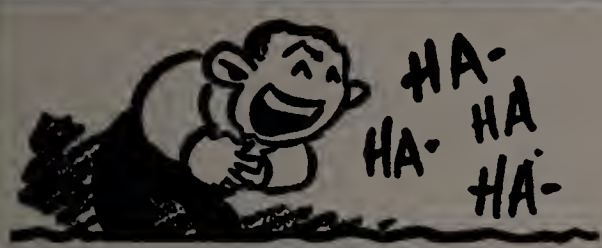
E. M. M.

CONCERT

A concert is to be held at the high school, May 25. The main performance will be presented by the J. H. S. Glee Club.

Grammar school choral groups and the high school orchestra will participate under the direction of Miss Betty James.

E. M. M.



HUMOR

Phil: "Do you know Amos?"
Alma: "Amos who?"
Phil: "A mosquito."

Hamel: "Have an accident?"
Carmelo: "No thanks, just had one."

Well, as the brush said to the floor —"Another crack out of you and you'll get a shellacking!"

Miss Cook: "I'd like to be Frank this morning."
McKee: "With the income he makes, who wouldn't."

Tom: Do you know I have dancing eyes?"
Don: Yeh, they're both over your nose sitting this one out."

Howie and Oscar: "Aren't we sharp as a drill, and twice as boring?"

Old Maid: A girl who knows all the answers, but is never asked the questions.

Goose: "I'm going to give you a present."
Ipp: "Oh, what kind of a present?"
Goose: "Well, it's a trinket."
Ipp: "Let me see it."
(two seconds later)
Ipp: "But Goose! That's a bottle of tonic."
Goose: "Well, trinket!"

Goose: I'm not fat, I just come in economy size."

Two men were planning their escape from an institution much like the one in Danvers. One man escaped and called up to his friend, who asked how to get out. After a while the man who had escaped said, "Wait till it gets dark, and I'll put my flashlight on, then you can come down on the beam."

He told her she had a hole in her stocking;
She fainted —
How was he to know
Her legs were painted?

Said the sailor about a girl with whom he danced at the U. S. O.:
"When I asked her to dance, she was on my feet in an instant."

Mary had a little watch;
The little watch is gone.
Everywhere that Mary goes
TIME MARCHES ON!

My photograph has just one fault
As far as I can see,
A most unkind, disturbing fault;
It looks too much like me.

McKee: "What seems to be the matter Bob?"
Bob: "I got the yoorz, Chief."
McKee: "What's yoorz?"
Bob: "Double strawberry. Thanks a lot."

At a miliary funeral the aged mother of the deceased faints as the volley is fired.
"My gosh, they've shot Grandma," shouted Junior.

Once there were two little worms. One was naughty and the other was good. The first was lazy and improvident and always stayed in bed late. The other was always up early and about his business.

The early bird got the early worm, and a fisherman with a flashlight got the night crawler.

The moral, mates, is this: Yuh just can't win!

Once upon a time there were three bears. One sunny day they went for a walk in the woods, and when they got back the Father Bear said, "Who drank my soda pop?"

The Mother Bear said, "Who drank my soda pop?"

Know what the Baby Bear said? "Burp!"

A woman who was sitting next to an Army Lieutenant was telling him of all the battles her son had been in. She summed up by saying, ". . . and he has the Air Medal with two Oak Trees!"

A sergeant, drilling a batch of recruits, saw that one of them was marching out of step. Going up to the man, he said sarcastically, "Do you know, Bud, that everyone is out of step except you?"

"What did you say?" inquired the rookie innocently.

"I said everyone is out of step except you!"

"Well," was the reply, "you're in charge — you tell 'em!"

A man who lived on the border of Russia and Poland was puzzled as to which country he lived in. He got a surveyor to survey the land. When he had finished, he told the man he lived in Poland.

"Thank God for that," replied the man. "No more Russian winters."

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